"Since I was a small child, I have often dreamed of flying. Not just the usuall zipping about, but flying in the sense of the wind blowing through my hair, the warmth of a breeze, the shape and texture of clouds and the smell of rain. In other words, with full knowledge of all my senses.

"Between the ages of 3-7, all I ever wanted for Christmas was a set of wings. Of course, my parents humored me. But, I started jumping off the roof with beach umbrellas (no joke, I nearly met my end quite a few times while attempting 'flight maneuvers'.) My parents would relate to me the story in Greek mythology of the man (Icarus) who wanted to fly, built wax wings and flew near the sun, hence melting and plummeting to fiery end. Normally this would have deterred me from further exploits. As it was, I realized I would have to go "underground" with my desires. This, I was discovered with a rope around my waist ... suspended from one our of our trees. I was reprimanded and had to suppress any more feelings on the subject after that. I had only an occasional dream...until I hit 15.

I had been studying some medievil history and was lying in bed in that sort of half awake state from which dreams begin. I was aware of the television on downstairs and the murmer of my parents talking. Suddenly, I felt this odd buzzing sensation and I equated it to the nitrous oxide sort of buzz I experience when at the dentists. I had a fleeting though of my homework. I still can't properly describe it as it defies anything I've ever know, but, all of a sudden I was standing in this room. The walls were a cool stone, almost damp and the room was very large. Under my feet were mosaic patterns and intricate tapestries hung on rods from the ceiling. There was a large window directly in front of me in

a sort of late morning sunlight filtering through a tree [illegible] covered with new buds. The buzzer got louder and then I was back in bed. I opened my eyes and the pictures from the next room were swirling about my room with flashes of light. I clamped my eyes closed, scared shitless (excuse me) and waited until it subsided...then shakily sat up..oriented myself and went back to bed.

"A few times, while going with the buzzes, I would get bombarded with information on physics. I don't know anything about physics and I kick myself in the butt for not writing this information down as I now believe it was valuable. It would come to me like formulas and equations and then and ONLY after the 'lesson' I would fly.

"Not long ago, I was in Denver attending a technical course. I was lying in my room one afternoon when I felt the buzzes coming on. I tried to keep them strong and concentrated on lifting out and flying.

"I was standing on one of the Pan=Am towers in New York (I'm sure of the location). It was about 3:30 in the afternoon and a warm breeze was blowing. I was looking at the view when a voice behind me said 'we understand you've been wanting to fly for quite some time now. Well, if you are willing we will show you how." Then he told me to step off the building. I looked down at the thin ribbon of a street below and thought 'Is he out of his mind?' This was not a dream sequence but so real that I thought I'd plunge.

"He said that if I was afraid, to step off backwards. My desire to fly was greater than my fears. I decided to go for it.

"I stepped off the ledge backwards and felt myself sink a few feet and then rise up again like a slow motion trampoline. I scurried back to the ledge as I was aware that I did have gravity, and I didn't want to fall. Then he said to follow them and I saw them for the first time as they lept off the building, their golden robes and hair fluttering in the wind, as they sailed over to a rooftop 1/4 mile away. They waved me over and I jumped. I spent the rest of the afternoon sailing with these three figures. It was like leaping on the moon. The buzzes returned and I came back to my bed twenty minutes later.

"I was taught to jump by stepping of on my right foot and doing a 180° turn. This would give me the momentum to lift myself up. I would rise 15-20 feet and then slowly descend..

"Another time, I found myself walking down a dirt road practicing my leaps. I came into a court yard of a very strange looking building. Unlike any architecture I've ever seen. There were toys strewn about as if it were a child's playground. In the corner sat an old man with long white hair and a beard, at a table playing with this machine/toy. He would take 4"x4" cubes and put them in one side and then it would come out the other side as a 1" cube. I felt and heard this voice say to me 'watch him.' Then some more physics, but I was getting the picture. The 'toy' was shrinking matter. I stared for a few moments and then was brought back to my bed.

"In my most recent experience, I found myself on a lawn about 8 p.m., lighted from a lamp. I was as usual practicing my jumps when I saw a figure emerging from the darkness toward me. I saw that he was a man, a naked one at that, and there

was no doubt about his intention, if you know what I mean. He came toward me and I realise I knew him even though I've never seen him on earth before. I backed off though, as I didn't want anthing sexual happening with this familiar stranger. I turned to run and he lept on me, knocking me down. I was aware of his body pressing against mine and realized that I was naked too. He was breathing rather strongly and I felt myself getting excited. But, I broke away and said 'hey, watch this, I'm getting pretty good,' and did a couple of jumps.

He lay there watching me and said to concentrate more on the lift off. I did a few more and then he told me to 'come on, they're waiting at the party.' We arrived at this house and there were about 15 people milling about, socializing.

I went into the kitchen and was sitting on the counter whe he came in and told me that they were all happy that I'd made it. He then leaned over to kiss me. When I said 'don't you have anything better to do than disturb a young woman's dreams?, he looked at me for a moment and burst out laughing. 'You still think these are dreams,' he laughed, 'don't you recognize us?' I said 'no,' (lying). He laughed again and I felt the buzzer coming back. He said 'well don't worry about it, you'll see us again' and then faded. I was back in bed.

"I realize that even though people think I'm strange, that I love these experiences. I have never been so close to my dreams of flying. I feel a closeness with the universe that I can't even describe. It leaves me with a feeling of wonder.